A LETTER

FROM THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDMUND BURKE

TO

A NOBLE LORD,

ON THE

ATTACKS MADE UPON HIM AND HIS PENSION,

IN

The House of Lords,

BY

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

AND THE

EARL OF LAUDERDALE,

Early in the present Sessions of Parliament.

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MY LORD,

I COULD hardly flatter myſelf with the hope, that ſo very early in the ſeaſon I ſhould have to acknowledge obligations to the Duke of Bedford and to the Earl of Lauderdale. Theſe noble perſons have loſt no time in conferring upon me, that ſort of honour, which it is alone within their competence, and which it is certainly moſt congenial to their nature and their manners to beſtow.

To be ill ſpoken of, in whatever language they ſpeak, by the zealots of the new ſect in philoſophy and politicks, of which theſe noble perſons think ſo charitably, and of which others think ſo juſtly, to me, is no matter of uneaſineſs or ſurpriſe. To have incurred the diſpleaſure of the Duke of Orleans or the Duke of Bedford, to

fall under the cenſure of Citizen Briſſot or of his friend the Earl of Lauderdale, I ought to conſider as proofs, not the leaſt ſatisfactory, that I have produced ſome part of the effect I propoſed by my endeavours. I have laboured hard to earn, what the noble Lords are generous enough to pay. Perſonal offence I have given them none. The part they take againſt me is from zeal to the cauſe. It is well! It is perfectly well! I have to do homage to their juſtice. I have to thank the Bedfords and the Lauderdales for having ſo faithfully and ſo fully acquitted towards me whatever arrear of debt was left undiſcharged by the Prieſtleys and the Paines.

Some, perhaps, may think them executors in their own wrong: I at leaſt have nothing to complain of. They have gone beyond the demands of juſtice. They have been (a little perhaps beyond their intention) favourable to me. They have been the means of bringing out, by their invectives, the handſome things which Lord Grenville has had the goodneſs and condeſcenſion to ſay in my behalf. Retired as I am from the world, and from all it's affairs and all it's pleaſures, I confeſs it does kindle, in my nearly extinguiſhed feelings,

feelings, a very vivid ſatisfaction to be ſo attacked and ſo commended. It is ſoothing to my wounded mind, to be commended by an able, vigorous, and well informed ſtateſman, and at the very moment when he ſtands forth with a manlineſs and reſolution, worthy of himſelf and of his cauſe, for the preſervation of the perſon and government of our Sovereign, and therein for the ſecurity of the laws, the liberties, the morals, and the lives of his people. To be in any fair way connected with ſuch things, is indeed a diſtinction. No philoſophy can make me above it: no melancholy can depreſs me ſo low, as to make me wholly inſenſible to ſuch an honour.

Why will they not let me remain in obſcurity and inaction? Are they apprehenſive, that if an atom of me remains, the ſect has ſomething to fear? Muſt I be annihilated, leſt, like old *John Ziſca*'s, my ſkin might be made into a drum, to animate Europe to eternal battle, againſt a tyranny that threatens to overwhelm all Europe, and all the human race?

My Lord, it is a ſubject of aweful meditation. Before this of France, the annals of all time

have not furniſhed an inſtance of a *compleat* revolution. That revolution ſeems to have extended even to the conſtitution of the mind of man. It has this of wonderful in it, that it reſembles what Lord Verulam ſays of the operations of nature: It was perfect, not only in all its elements and principles, but in all it's members and it's organs from the very beginning. The moral ſcheme of France furniſhes the only pattern ever known, which they who admire will *inſtantly* reſemble. It is indeed an inexhauſtible repertory of one kind of examples. In my wretched condition, though hardly to be claſſed with the living, I am not ſafe from them. They have tygers to fall upon animated ſtrength. They have hyenas to prey upon carcaſſes. The national menagerie is collected by the firſt phyſiologiſts of the time; and it is defective in no deſcription of ſavage nature. They purſue, even ſuch as me, into the obſcureſt retreats, and haul them before their revolutionary tribunals. Neither ſex, nor age—not the ſanctuary of the tomb is ſacred to them. They have ſo determined a hatred to all privileged orders, that they deny even to the departed, the ſad immunities of the grave. They are not wholly without an object. Their turpitude purveys to their malice; and

and they unplumb the dead for bullets to aſſaſſinate the living. If all revolutioniſts were not proof againſt all caution, I ſhould recommend it to their conſideration, that no perſons were ever known in hiſtory, either ſacred or profane, to vex the ſepulchre, and by their ſorceries, to call up the prophetic dead, with any other event, than the prediction of their own diſaſtrous fate. —"Leave me, oh leave me to repoſe!"

In one thing I can excuſe the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary penſion. He cannot readily comprehend the tranſaction he condemns. What I have obtained was the fruit of no bargain; the production of no intrigue; the reſult of no compromiſe; the effect of no ſolicitation. The firſt ſuggeſtion of it never came from me, mediately or immediately, to his Majeſty or any of his Miniſters. It was long known that the inſtant my engagements would permit it, and before the heavieſt of all calamities had for ever condemned me to obſcurity and ſorrow, I had reſolved on a total retreat. I had executed that deſign. I was entirely out of the way of ſerving or of hurting any ſtateſman, or any party, when the Miniſters ſo generouſly and ſo nobly carried

into effect the ſpontaneous bounty of the Crown. Both deſcriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer ſerve them, the Miniſters have conſidered my ſituation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutioniſts have trampled on my infirmity. My gratitude, I truſt, is equal to the manner in which the benefit was conferred. It came to me indeed, at a time of life, and in a ſtate of mind and body, in which no circumſtance of fortune could afford me any real pleaſure. But this was no fault in the Royal Donor, or in his Miniſters, who were pleaſed, in acknowledging the merits of an invalid ſervant of the publick, to aſſuage the ſorrows of a deſolate old man.

It would ill become me to boaſt of any thing. It would as ill become me, thus called upon, to depreciate the value of a long life, ſpent with unexampled toil in the ſervice of my country. Since the total body of my ſervices, on account of the induſtry which was ſhewn in them, and the fairneſs of my intentions, have obtained the acceptance of my Sovereign, it would be abſurd in me to range myſelf on the ſide of the Duke of Bedford and the Correſponding Society, or, as far as in me lies, to permit a diſpute on the rate at which the authority appointed

by

by *our* Conftitution to eftimate fuch things, has been pleafed to fet them.

Loofe libels ought to be paffed by in filence and contempt. By me they have been fo always. I knew that as long as I remained in publick, I fhould live down the calumnies of malice, and the judgments of ignorance. If I happened to be now and then in the wrong, as who is not, like all other men, I muft bear the confequence of my faults and my miftakes. The libels of the prefent day, are juft of the fame ftuff as the libels of the paft. But they derive an importance from the rank of the perfons they come from, and the gravity of the place where they were uttered. In fome way or other I ought to take fome notice of them. To affert myfelf thus traduced is not vanity or arrogance. It is a demand of juftice; it is a demonftration of gratitude. If I am unworthy, the Minifters are worfe than prodigal. On that hypothefis, I perfectly agree with the Duke of Bedford.

For whatever I have been (I am now no more) I put myfelf on my country. I ought to be allowed a reafonable freedom, becaufe I ftand upon my deliverance; and no culprit ought to plead

plead in irons. Even in the utmoſt latitude of defenſive liberty, I wiſh to preſerve all poſſible decorum. Whatever it may be in the eyes of theſe noble perſons themſelves, to me, their ſituation calls for the moſt profound reſpect. If I ſhould happen to treſpaſs a little, which I truſt I ſhall not, let it always be ſuppoſed, that a confuſion of characters may produce miſtakes; that in the maſquerades of the grand carnival of our age, whimſical adventures happen; odd things are ſaid and paſs off. If I ſhould fail a ſingle point in the high reſpect I owe to thoſe illuſtrious perſons, I cannot be ſuppoſed to mean the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of the Houſe of Peers, but the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale of Palace Yard;—The Dukes and Earls of Brentford. There they are on the pavement; there they ſeem to come nearer to my humble level; and, virtually at leaſt, to have waved their high privilege.

Making this proteſtation, I refuſe all revolutionary tribunals, where men have been put to death for no other reaſon, than that they had obtained favours from the Crown. I claim, not the letter, but the ſpirit of the old Engliſh law, that is, to be tried by my peers. I decline

his

his Grace's jurifdiction as a judge. I challenge the Duke of Bedford as a juror to pafs upon the value of my fervices. Whatever his natural parts may be, I cannot recognize in his few and idle years, the competence to judge of my long and laborious life. If I can help it, he fhall not be on the inqueft of my *quantum meruit*. Poor rich man! He can hardly know any thing of publick induftry in it's exertions, or can eftimate it's compenfations when it's work is done. I have no doubt of his Grace's readinefs in all the calculations of vulgar arithmetick; but I fhrewdly fufpect, that he is very little ftudied in the theory of moral proportions; and has never learned the Rule of Three in the arithmetick of policy and ftate.

His Grace thinks I have obtained too much. I anfwer, that my exertions, whatever they have been, were fuch as no hopes of pecuniary reward could poffibly excite; and no pecuniary compenfation can poffibly reward them. Between money and fervices of this kind, (I faid it long fince*, when I was not myfelf concerned) there is no common meafurer. Money is made for the comfort and convenience of animal life. It cannot be a reward for what, mere animal life muft indeed fuf-

* Speech on Œconomical Reform, 1780.

tain, but never can inſpire. With ſubmiſſion to his Grace, I have not had more than ſufficient. As to any noble uſe, I truſt I know how to employ, as well as he, a much greater fortune than he poſſeſſes. In a more confined application, I certainly ſtand in need of every kind of relief and eaſement much more than he does. When I ſay I have not received more than I deſerve, is this the language I hold to Majeſty? No! Far, very far, from it! Before that preſence, I claim no merit at all. Every thing towards me is favour, and bounty. One ſtyle to a gracious benefactor; another to a proud and inſulting foe.

His Grace is pleaſed to aggravate my guilt, by charging my acceptance of his Majeſty's grant as a departure from my ideas, and the ſpirit of my conduct with regard to œconomy. If it be, my ideas of œconomy were falſe and ill founded. But they are the Duke of Bedford's ideas of œconomy I have contradicted, and not my own. If he means to allude to certain bills brought in by me on a meſſage from the throne in 1782, I tell him, that there is nothing in my conduct that can contradict either the letter or the ſpirit of thoſe acts.—Does he mean the pay-office act? I take it for granted he does not. The act to which he alludes is,

I ſuppoſe,

I ſuppoſe, the eſtabliſhment act. I greatly doubt whether his Grace has ever read the one or the other. The firſt of theſe ſyſtems coſt me, with every aſſiſtance which my then ſituation gave me, pains incredible. I found an opinion common through all the offices, and general in the publick at large, that it would prove impoſſible to reform and methodize the office of Paymaſter General. I undertook it, however; and I ſucceeded in my undertaking. Whether the military ſervice, or whether the general œconomy of our finances have profited by that act, I leave to thoſe who are acquainted with the army, and with the treaſury, to judge.

An opinion full as general prevailed alſo at the ſame time, that nothing could be done for the regulation of the civil-liſt eſtabliſhment. The very attempt to introduce method into it, and any limitations to it's ſervices, was held abſurd. I had not ſeen the man, who ſo much as ſuggeſted one œconomical principle, or an œconomical expedient, upon that ſubject. Nothing but coarſe amputation, or coarſer taxation, were then talked of, both of them without deſign, combination, or the leaſt ſhadow of principle. Blind and headlong zeal, or factious fury, were the whole contribution brought by the moſt

 noiſy

noisy on that occasion, towards the satisfaction of the publick, or the relief of the Crown.

Let me tell my youthful Censor, that the necessities of that time required something very different from what others then suggested, or what his Grace now conceives. Let me inform him, that it was one of the most critical periods in our annals.

Astronomers have supposed, that if a certain comet, whose path intersected the ecliptick, had met the earth in some (I forget what) sign, it would have whirled us along with it, in it's excentrick course, into God knows what regions of heat and cold. Had the portentous comet of the rights of man, (which "from it's horrid hair "shakes pestilence, and war," and "with fear of "change perplexes Monarchs") had that comet crossed upon us in that internal state of England, nothing human could have prevented our being irresistibly hurried, out of the highway of heaven, into all the vices, crimes, horrours and miseries of the French revolution.

Happily, France was not then jacobinized. Her hostility was at a good distance. We had a limb cut off; but we preserved the body: We

loſt our Colonies; but we kept our Conſtitution. There was, indeed, much inteſtine heat; there was a dreadful fermentation. Wild and ſavage inſurrection quitted the woods, and prowled about our ſtreets in the name of reform. Such was the diſtemper of the publick mind, that there was no madman, in his maddeſt ideas, and maddeſt projects, who might not count upon numbers to ſupport his principles and execute his deſigns.

Many of the changes, by a great miſnomer called parliamentary reforms, went, not in the intention of all the profeſſors and ſupporters of them, undoubtedly, but went in their certain, and, in my opinion, not very remote effect, home to the utter deſtruction of the Conſtitution of this kingdom. Had they taken place, not France, but England, would have had the honour of leading up the death-dance of Democratick Revolution. Other projects, exactly coincident in time with thoſe, ſtruck at the very exiſtence of the kingdom under any conſtitution. There are who remember the blind fury of ſome, and the lamentable helpleſſneſs of others; here, a torpid confuſion, from a panic fear of the danger; there, the ſame inaction from a ſtupid inſenſibility to it; here, well-wiſhers to the miſchief; there,

there, indifferent lookers-on. At the fame time, a fort of National Convention, dubious in its nature, and perilous in its example, nofed Parliament in the very feat of its authority; fat with a fort of fuperintendance over it; and little lefs than dictated to it, not only laws, but the very form and effence of Legiflature itfelf. In Ireland things ran in a ftill more eccentrick courfe. Government was unnerved, confounded, and in a manner fufpended. It's equipoife was totally gone. I do not mean to fpeak difrefpectfully of Lord North. He was a man of admirable parts; of general knowledge; of a verfatile underftanding fitted for every fort of bufinefs; of infinite wit and pleafantry; of a delightful temper; and with a mind moft perfectly difinterefted. But it would be only to degrade myfelf by a weak adulation, and not to honour the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted fomething of the vigilance, and fpirit of command, that the time required. Indeed, a darknefs, next to the fog of this awful day, loured over the whole region. For a little time the helm appeared abandoned—

> Ipfe diem noctemque negat difcernere cœlo
> Nec meminiffe viæ mediâ Palinurus in undâ.

At that time I was connected with men of high place in the community. They loved Liberty

berty as much as the Duke of Bedford can do; and they underſtood it at leaſt as well. Perhaps their politicks, as uſual, took a tincture from their character, and they cultivated what they loved. The Liberty they purſued was a Liberty inſeparable from order, from virtue, from morals, and from religion, and was neither hypocritically nor fanatically followed. They did not wiſh, that Liberty, in itſelf one of the firſt of bleſſings, ſhould in it's perverſion become the greateſt curſe which could fall upon mankind. To preſerve the Conſtitution entire, and practically equal to all the great ends of it's formation, not in one ſingle part, but in all it's parts, was to them the firſt object. Popularity and power they regarded alike. Theſe were with them only different means of obtaining that object; and had no preference over each other in their minds, but as one or the other might afford a ſurer or a leſs certain proſpect of arriving at that end. It is ſome conſolation to me, in the chearleſs gloom which darkens the evening of my life, that with them I commenced my political career, and never for a moment, in reality, nor in appearance, for any length of time, was ſeparated from their good wiſhes and good opinion.

By what accident it matters not, nor upon what deſert, but juſt then, and in the midſt of

that hunt of obloquy, which ever has purſued me with a full cry through life, I had obtained a very conſiderable degree of publick confidence. I know well enough how equivocal a teſt this kind of popular opinion forms of the merit that obtained it. I am no ſtranger to the inſecurity of it's tenure. I do not boaſt of it. It is mentioned, to ſhew, not how highly I prize the thing, but my right to value the uſe I made of it. I endeavoured to turn that ſhort-lived advantage to myſelf into a permanent benefit to my Country. Far am I from detracting from the merit of ſome Gentlemen, out of office or in it, on that occaſion. No!—It is not my way to refuſe a full and heaped meaſure of juſtice to the aids that I receive. I have, through life, been willing to give every thing to others; and to reſerve nothing for myſelf, but the inward conſcience, that I had omitted no pains to diſcover, to animate, to diſcipline, to direct the abilities of the Country for it's ſervice, and to place them in the beſt light to improve their age, or to adorn it. This conſcience I have. I have never ſuppreſſed any man; never checked him for a moment in his courſe, by any jealouſy, or by any policy. I was always ready, to the height of my means (and they were always infinitely below my deſires) to forward thoſe abilities which overpowered my own.

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He is an ill-furniſhed undertaker, who has no machinery but his own hands to work with. Poor in my own faculties, I ever thought myſelf rich in theirs. In that period of difficulty and danger, more eſpecially, I conſulted, and ſincerely co-operated with men of all parties, who ſeemed diſpoſed to the ſame ends, or to any main part of them. Nothing, to prevent diſorder, was omitted: when it appeared, nothing to ſubdue it, was left uncounſelled, nor unexecuted, as far as I could prevail. At the time I ſpeak of, and having a momentary lead, ſo aided and ſo encouraged, and as a feeble inſtrument in a mighty hand—I do not ſay, I ſaved my Country; I am ſure I did my Country important ſervice. There were few, indeed, that did not at that time acknowledge it, and that time was thirteen years ago. It was but one voice, that no man in the kingdom better deſerved an honourable proviſion ſhould be made for him.

So much for my general conduct through the whole of the portentous criſis from 1780 to 1782, and the general ſenſe then entertained of that conduct by my country. But my character, as a reformer, in the particular inſtances which the Duke of Bedford refers to, is ſo connected in principle with my opinions on the hideous changes, which have ſince barbarized

France, and ſpreading thence, threaten the political and moral order of the whole world, that it ſeems to demand ſomething of a more detailed diſcuſſion.

My œconomical reforms were not, as his Grace may think, the ſuppreſſion of a paltry penſion or employment, more or leſs. Œconomy in my plans was, as it ought to be, ſecondary, ſubordinate, inſtrumental. I acted on ſtate principles. I found a great diſtemper in the commonwealth; and, according to the nature of the evil and of the object, I treated it. The malady was deep; it was complicated, in the cauſes and in the ſymptoms. Throughout it was full of contra-indicants. On one hand Government, daily growing more invidious for an apparent increaſe of the means of ſtrength, was every day growing more contemptible by real weakneſs. Nor was this diſſolution confined to Government commonly ſo called. It extended to Parliament; which was loſing not a little in it's dignity and eſtimation, by an opinion of it's not acting on worthy motives. On the other hand, the deſires of the People, (partly natural and partly infuſed into them by art) appeared in ſo wild and inconſiderate a manner, with regard to the œconomical object

(for

(for I ſet aſide for a moment the dreadful tampering with the body of the Conſtitution itſelf) that if their petitions had literally been complied with, the State would have been convulſed ; and a gate would have been opened, through which all property might be ſacked and ravaged. Nothing could have ſaved the Publick from the miſchiefs of the falſe reform but it's abſurdity ; which would ſoon have brought itſelf, and with it all real reform, into diſcredit. This would have left a rankling wound in the hearts of the people who would know they had failed in the accompliſhment of their wiſhes, but who, like the reſt of mankind in all ages, would impute the blame to any thing rather than to their own proceedings. But there were then perſons in the world, who nouriſhed complaint ; and would have been thoroughly diſappointed if the people were ever ſatisfied. I was not of that humour. I wiſhed that they *ſhould* be ſatisfied. It was my aim to give to the People the ſubſtance of what I knew they deſired, and what I thought was right whether they deſired it or not, before it had been modified for them into ſenſeleſs petitions. I knew that there is a manifeſt marked diſtinction, which ill men, with ill deſigns, or weak men incapable of any deſign, will conſtantly be confounding, that is, a marked diſtinction be-

tween Change and Reformation. The former alters the ſubſtance of the objects themſelves; and gets rid of all their eſſential good, as well as of all the accidental evil annexed to them. Change is novelty; and whether it is to operate any one of the effects of reformation at all, or whether it may not contradict the very principle upon which reformation is deſired, cannot be certainly known beforehand. Reform is, not a change in the ſubſtance, or in the primary modification of the object, but a direct application of a remedy to the grievance complained of. So far as that is removed, all is ſure. It ſtops there; and if it fails, the ſubſtance which underwent the operation, at the very worſt, is but where it was.

All this, in effect, I think, but am not ſure, I have ſaid elſewhere. It cannot at this time be too often repeated; line upon line; precept upon precept; until it comes into the currency of a proverb, *To innovate is not to reform.* The French revolutioniſts complained of every thing; they refuſed to reform any thing; and they left nothing, no, nothing at all *unchanged*. The conſequences are *before* us,—not in remote hiſtory; not in future prognoſtication: they are about us; they are upon us. They ſhake the publick

ſecurity;

ſecurity; they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel, they ſtop our way. They infeſt us in town; they purſue us to the country. Our buſineſs is interrupted; our repoſe is troubled; our pleaſures are ſaddened; our very ſtudies are poiſoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worſe than ignorance, by the enormous evils of this dreadful innovation. The revolution harpies of France, ſprung from night and hell, or from that chaotick anarchy, which generates equivocally "all monſtrous, all prodigious things," cuckoo-like, adulterouſly lay their eggs, and brood over, and hatch them in the neſt of every neighbouring State. Theſe obſcene harpies, who deck themſelves, in I know not what divine attributes, but who in reality are foul and ravenous birds of prey (both mothers and daughters) flutter over our heads, and ſouſe down upon our tables, and leave nothing unrent, unrifled, unravaged, or unpolluted with the ſlime of their filthy offal *.

* Triſtius haud illis monſtrum, nec ſævior ulla
Peſtis, & ira Deûm Stygiis ſeſe extulit undis.
Virginei volucrum vultus; fædiſſima ventris
Proluvies; uncæque manus; & pallida ſemper
Ora fame——

If his Grace can contemplate the reſult of this compleat innovation, or, as ſome friends of his will call it, *reform*, in the whole body of it's ſolidity and compound maſs, at which, as Hamlet ſays, the face of Heaven glows with horrour and indignation, and which, in truth, makes every reflecting mind, and every feeling heart, perfectly thought-ſick, without a thorough abhorrence of every thing they ſay, and every thing they do, I am amazed at the morbid ſtrength, or the natural infirmity of his mind.

It was then not my love, but my hatred to innovation, that produced my Plan of Reform. Without troubling myſelf with the exactneſs of the logical diagram, I conſidered them as things ſubſtantially oppoſite. It was to prevent that evil, that I propoſed the meaſures, which his Grace is pleaſed, and I am not ſorry he is pleaſed, to recall to my recollection. I had (what

Here the Poet breaks the line, becauſe he (and that He is Virgil) had not verſe or language to deſcribe that monſter even as he had conceived her. Had he lived to our time, he would have been more overpowered with the reality than he was with the imagination. Virgil only knew the horror of the times before him. Had he lived to ſee the Revolutioniſts and Conſtitutionaliſts of France, he would have had more horrid and diſguſting features of his harpies to deſcribe, and more frequent failures in the attempt to deſcribe them.

I hope

I hope that Noble Duke will remember in all his operations) a State to preſerve, as well as a State to reform. I had a People to gratify, but not to inflame, or to miſlead. I do not claim half the credit for what I did, as for what I prevented from being done. In that ſituation of the publick mind, I did not undertake, as was then propoſed, to new model the Houſe of Commons or the Houſe of Lords; or to change the authority under which any officer of the Crown acted, who was ſuffered at all to exiſt. Crown, Lords, Commons, judicial ſyſtem, ſyſtem of adminiſtration, exiſted as they had exiſted before; and in the mode and manner in which they had always exiſted. My meaſures were, what I then truly ſtated them to the Houſe to be, in their intent, healing and mediatorial. A complaint was made of too much influence in the Houſe of Commons; I reduced it in both Houſes; and I gave my reaſons article by article for every reduction, and ſhewed why I thought it ſafe for the ſervice of the State. I heaved the lead every inch of way I made. A diſpoſition to expence was complained of; to that I oppoſed, not mere retrenchment, but a ſyſtem of œconomy, which would make a random expence without plan or foreſight, in future not

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eafily practicable. I proceeded upon principles of refearch to put me in poffeffion of my matter; on principles of method to regulate it; and on principles in the human mind and in civil affairs to fecure and perpetuate the operation. I conceived nothing arbitrarily; nor propofed any thing to be done by the will and pleafure of others, or my own; but by reafon, and by reafon only. I have ever abhorred, fince the firft dawn of my underftanding to this it's obfcure twilight, all the operations of opinion, fancy, inclination, and will, in the affairs of Government, where only a fovereign reafon, paramount to all forms of legiflation and adminiftration, fhould dictate. Government is made for the very purpofe of oppofing that reafon to will and to caprice, in the reformers or in the reformed, in the governors or in the governed, in Kings, in Senates, or in People.

On a careful review, therefore, and analyfis of all the component parts of the Civil Lift, and on weighing them each againft other, in order to make, as much as poffible, all of them a fubject of eftimate (the foundation and cornerftone of all regular provident œconomy) it appeared to me evident, that this was impracticable, whilft that part, called the Penfion Lift,

was totally difcretionary in it's amount. For this reafon, and for this only, I propofed to reduce it, both in it's grofs quantity, and in it's larger individual proportions, to a certainty: left, if it were left without a *general* limit, it might eat up the Civil Lift fervice; if fuffered to be granted in portions too great for the fund, it might defeat it's own end; and by unlimited allowances to fome, it might difable the Crown in means of providing for others. The Penfion Lift was to be kept as a facred fund; but it could not be kept as a conftant open fund, fufficient for growing demands, if fome demands could wholly devour it. The tenour of the Act will fhew that it regarded the Civil Lift *only*, the reduction of which to fome fort of eftimate was my great object.

No other of the Crown funds did I meddle with, becaufe they had not the fame relations. This of the four and a half per cents does his Grace imagine had efcaped me, or had efcaped all the men of bufinefs, who acted with me in thofe regulations? I knew that fuch a fund exifted, and that penfions had been always granted on it, before his Grace was born. This fund was full in my eye. It was full in the eyes of thofe who worked with me. It was left on principle. On principle I did what was then

 done;

done; and on principle what was left undone was omitted. I did not dare to rob the nation of all funds to reward merit. If I pressed this point too close, I acted contrary to the avowed principles on which I went. Gentlemen are very fond of quoting me; but if any one thinks it worth his while to know the rules that guided me in my plan of reform, he will read my printed speech on that subject; at least what is contained from page 230 to page 241 in the second Volume of the collection which a friend has given himself the trouble to make of my publications. Be this as it may, these two Bills (though atchieved with the greatest labour, and management of every sort, both within and without the House) were only a part, and but a small part, of a very large system, comprehending all the objects I stated in opening my proposition, and indeed many more, which I just hinted at in my Speech to the Electors of Bristol, when I was put out of that representation. All these, in some state or other of forwardness, I have long had by me.

But do I justify his Majesty's grace on these grounds? I think them the least of my services! The time gave them an occasional value: What I have done in the way of political œconomy was far from confined to this body of measures.

meaſures. I did not come into Parliament to con my leſſon. I had earned my penſion before I ſet my foot in St. Stephen's Chapel. I was prepared and diſciplined to this political warfare. The firſt ſeſſion I ſat in Parliament, I found it neceſſary to analyze the whole commercial, financial, conſtitutional and foreign intereſts of Great Britain and it's Empire. A great deal was then done; and more, far more would have been done, if more had been permitted by events. Then in the vigour of my manhood, my conſtitution ſunk under my labour. Had I then died, (and I ſeemed to myſelf very near death) I had then earned for thoſe who belonged to me, more than the Duke of Bedford's ideas of ſervice are of power to eſtimate. But in truth, theſe ſervices I am called to account for, are not thoſe on which I value myſelf the moſt. If I were to call for a reward (which I have never done) it ſhould be for thoſe in which for fourteen years, without intermiſſion, I ſhewed the moſt induſtry, and had the leaſt ſucceſs; I mean in the affairs of India. They are thoſe on which I value myſelf the moſt; moſt for the importance; moſt for the labour; moſt for the judgment; moſt for conſtancy and perſeverance in the purſuit. Others may value

them moſt for the *intention*. In that, ſurely, they are not miſtaken.

Does his Grace think, that they who adviſed the Crown to make my retreat eaſy, conſidered me only as an œconomiſt? That, well underſtood, however, is a good deal. If I had not deemed it of ſome value, I ſhould not have made political œconomy an object of my humble ſtudies, from my very early youth to near the end of my ſervice in parliament, even before, (at leaſt to any knowledge of mine) it had employed the thoughts of ſpeculative men in other parts of Europe. At that time, it was ſtill in it's infancy in England, where, in the laſt century, it had it's origin. Great and learned men thought my ſtudies were not wholly thrown away, and deigned to communicate with me now and then on ſome particulars of their immortal works. Something of theſe ſtudies may appear incidentally in ſome of the earlieſt things I publiſhed. The Houſe has been witneſs to their effect, and has profited of them more or leſs, for above eight and twenty years.

To their eſtimate I leave the matter. I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, ſwaddled,

and

and rocked, and dandled into a Legiſlator; "*Nitor in adverſum*" is the motto for a man like me. I poſſeſſed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts, by impoſing on the underſtandings, of the people. At every ſtep of my progreſs in life (for in every ſtep was I traverſed and oppoſed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to ſhew my paſſport, and again and again to prove my ſole title to the honour of being uſeful to my Country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with it's laws, and the whole ſyſtem of it's intereſts both abroad and at home. Otherwiſe no rank, no toleration even, for me. I had no arts, but manly arts. On them I have ſtood, and, pleaſe God, in ſpite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the laſt gaſp will I ſtand.

Had his Grace condeſcended to enquire concerning the perſon, whom he has not thought it below him to reproach, he might have found, that in the whole courſe of my life, I have never, on any pretence of œconomy, or on any other pretence, ſo much as in a ſingle inſtance, ſtood between any man and his reward of

ſervice,

ſervice, or his encouragement in uſeful talent and purſuit, from the higheſt of thoſe ſervices and purſuits to the loweſt. On the contrary I have, on an hundred occaſions, exerted myſelf with ſingular zeal to forward every man's even tolerable pretenſions. I have more than once had good-natured reprehenſions from my friends for carrying the matter to ſomething bordering on abuſe. This line of conduct, whatever it's merits might be, was partly owing to natural diſpoſition; but I think full as much to reaſon and principle. I looked on the conſideration of publick ſervice, or publick ornament, to be real and very juſtice: and I ever held, a ſcanty and penurious juſtice to partake of the nature of a wrong. I held it to be, in its conſequences, the worſt œconomy in the world. In ſaving money, I ſoon can count up all the good I do; but when by a cold penury, I blaſt the abilities of a nation, and ſtunt the growth of it's active energies, the ill I may do is beyond all calculation. Whether it be too much or too little, whatever I have done has been general and ſyſtematick. I have never entered into thoſe trifling vexations and oppreſſive details, that have been falſely, and moſt ridiculouſly laid to my charge.

Did

Did I blame the penſions given to Mr. Barré and Mr. Dunning between the propoſition and execution of my plan? No! ſurely, no! Thoſe penſions were within my principles. I aſſert it, thoſe gentlemen deſerved their penſions, their titles,—all they had; and if more they had, I ſhould have been but pleaſed the more. They were men of talents; they were men of ſervice. I put the profeſſion of the law out of the queſtion in one of them. It is a ſervice that rewards itſelf. But their *publick ſervice*, though, from their abilities unqueſtionably of more value than mine, in it's quantity and in it's duration was not to be mentioned with it. But I never could drive a hard bargain in my life, concerning any matter whatever; and leaſt of all do I know how to haggle and huckſter with merit. Penſion for myſelf I obtained none; nor did I ſolicit any. Yet I was loaded with hatred for every thing that was with-held, and with obloquy for every thing that was given. I was thus left to ſupport the grants of a name ever dear to me, and ever venerable to the world, in favour of thoſe, who were no friends of mine or of his, againſt the rude attacks of thoſe who were at that time friends to the grantees, and their own zealous partizans. I have never heard the Earl of Lauderdale complain of theſe penſions. He finds nothing

nothing wrong till he comes to me. This is impartiality, in the true modern revolutionary ſtyle.

Whatever I did at that time, ſo far as it regarded order and œconomy, is ſtable and eternal; as all principles muſt be. A particular order of things may be altered; order itſelf cannot loſe its value. As to other particulars, they are variable by time and by circumſtances. Laws of regulation are not fundamental laws. The publick exigencies are the maſters of all ſuch laws. They rule the laws, and are not to be ruled by them. They who exerciſe the legiſlative power at the time muſt judge.

It may be new to his Grace, but I beg leave to tell him, that mere parſimony is not œconomy. It is ſeparable in theory from it; and in fact it may, or it may not, be a *part* of œconomy, according to circumſtances. Expence, and great expence, may be an eſſential part in true œconomy. If parſimony were to be conſidered as one of the kinds of that virtue, there is however another and an higher œconomy. Œconomy is a diſtributive virtue, and conſiſts not in ſaving, but in ſelection. Parſimony requires no providence, no ſagacity, no powers of combination, no compariſon,

parifon, no judgment. Meer inftinct, and that not an inftinct of the nobleft kind, may produce this falfe œconomy in perfection. The other œconomy has larger views. It demands a difcriminating judgment, and a firm fagacious mind. It fhuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider, to unprefuming merit. If none but meritorious fervice or real talent were to be rewarded, this nation has not wanted, and this nation will not want, the means of rewarding all the fervice it ever will receive, and encouraging all the merit it ever will produce. No ftate, fince the foundation of fociety, has been impoverifhed by that fpecies of profufion. Had the œconomy of felection and proportion been at all times obferved, we fhould not now have had an overgrown Duke of Bedford, to opprefs the induftry of humble men, and to limit by the ftandard of his own conceptions, the juftice, the bounty, or, if he pleafes, the charity of the Crown.

His Grace may think as meanly as he will of my deferts in the far greater part of my conduct in life. It is free for him to do fo. There will always be fome difference of opinion in the value of political fervices. But there is one merit of mine, which he, of all men living, ought to be

the laſt to call in queſtion. I have ſupported with very great zeal, and I am told with ſome degree of ſucceſs, thoſe opinions, or if his Grace likes another expreſſion better, thoſe old prejudices which buoy up the ponderous maſs of his nobility, wealth, and titles. I have omitted no exertion to prevent him and them from ſinking to that level, to which the meretricious French faction, his Grace at leaſt coquets with, omit no exertion to reduce both. I have done all I could to diſcountenance their enquiries into the fortunes of thoſe, who hold large portions of wealth without any apparent merit of their own. I have ſtrained every nerve to keep the Duke of Bedford in that ſituation, which alone makes him my ſuperior. Your Lordſhip has been a witneſs of the uſe he makes of that pre-eminence.

But be it, that this is virtue! Be it, that there is virtue in this well ſelected rigour; yet all virtues are not equally becoming to all men and at all times. There are crimes, undoubtedly there are crimes, which in all ſeaſons of our exiſtence, ought to put a generous antipathy in action; crimes that provoke an indignant juſtice, and call forth a warm and animated purſuit. But all things, that concern, what I may call, the preventive police of morality, all things merely

ly rigid, harſh and cenſorial, the antiquated moraliſts, at whoſe feet I was brought up, would not have thought theſe the fitteſt matter to form the favourite virtues of young men of rank. What might have been well enough, and have been received with a veneration mixed with awe and terrour, from an old, ſevere, crabbed Cato, would have wanted ſomething of propriety in the young Scipios, the ornament of the Roman Nobility, in the flower of their life. But the times, the morals, the maſters, the ſcholars have all undergone a thorough revolution. It is a vile illiberal ſchool, this new French academy of the *ſans culottes*. There is nothing in it that is fit for a Gentleman to learn.

Whatever it's vogue may be, I ſtill flatter myſelf, that the parents of the growing generation will be ſatisfied with what is to be taught to their children in Weſtminſter, in Eaton, or in Wincheſter: I ſtill indulge the hope that no *grown* Gentleman or Nobleman of our time will think of finiſhing at Mr. Thelwall's lecture whatever may have been left incompleat at the old Univerſities of his country. I would give to Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt for a motto, what was ſaid of a Roman Cenſor or Prætor (or

what was he), who in virtue of a Senatûs confultum ſhut up certain academies,

"Cludere Ludum Impudentiæ juſſit."

Every honeſt father of a family in the kingdom will rejoice at the breaking up for the holidays, and will pray that there may be a very long vacation in all ſuch ſchools.

The awful ſtate of the time, and not myſelf or my own juſtification, is my true object in what I now write; or in what I ſhall ever write or ſay. It little ſignifies to the world what becomes of ſuch things as me, or even as the Duke of Bedford. What I ſay about either of us is nothing more than a vehicle, as you, my Lord, will eaſily perceive, to convey my ſentiments on matters far more worthy of your attention. It is when I ſtick to my apparent firſt ſubject that I ought to apologize, not when I depart from it. I therefore muſt beg your Lordſhip's pardon for again reſuming it after this very ſhort digreſſion; aſſuring you that I ſhall never altogether loſe ſight of ſuch matter as perſons abler than I am may turn to ſome profit.

The

The Duke of Bedford conceives, that he is obliged to call the attention of the Houſe of Peers to his Majeſty's grant to me, which he conſiders as exceſſive and out of all bounds.

I know not how it has happened, but it really ſeems, that, whilſt his Grace was meditating his well-conſidered cenſure upon me, he fell into a ſort of ſleep. Homer nods; and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams (even his golden dreams) are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruouſly put together, his Grace preſerved his idea of reproach to *me*, but took the ſubject-matter from the Crown-grants *to his own family*. This is "the ſtuff of which his dreams are made." In that way of putting things together his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the Houſe of Ruſſel were ſo enormous, as not only to outrage œconomy, but even to ſtagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the Leviathan among all the creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolicks in the ocean of the Royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilſt "he lies floating many a rood," he is ſtill a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very ſpiracles through which he ſpouts a torrent of brine againſt his origin, and covers me all over with the

the ſpray,—every thing of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for *him* to queſtion the diſpenſation of the Royal favour?

I really am at a loſs to draw any ſort of parallel between the publick merits of his Grace, by which he juſtifies the grants he holds, and theſe ſervices of mine, on the favourable conſtruction of which I have obtained what his Grace ſo much diſapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I ought to preſume, and it coſts me nothing to do ſo, that he abundantly deſerves the eſteem and love of all who live with him. But as to publick ſervice, why truly it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myſelf in rank, in fortune, in ſplendid deſcent, in youth, ſtrength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his ſervices, and my attempts to be uſeful to my country. It would not be groſs adulation, but uncivil irony, to ſay, that he has any publick merit of his own to keep alive the idea of the ſervices by which his vaſt landed Penſions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and perſonal; his are derivative. It is his anceſtor, the original penſioner, that has laid up this inexhauſtible fund

of

of merit, which makes his Grace ſo very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the Crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I ſhould have ſaid 'tis his eſtate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or it's hiſtory? He would naturally have ſaid on his ſide, 'tis this man's fortune.—He is as good now, as my anceſtor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old penſions; he is an old man with very young penſions,—that's all?

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the Crown thoſe prodigies of profuſe donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the Herald's College, which the philoſophy of the Sans culottes, (prouder by far than all the Garters, and Norroys and Clarencieux, and Rouge Dragons that ever pranced in a proceſſion of what his friends call ariſtocrates and deſpots) will aboliſh with contumely and ſcorn. Theſe hiſtorians, recorders, and blazoners of virtues and arms, differ wholly from that other deſcription of hiſtorians, who never aſſign any act of politicians to a good motive. Theſe gentle hiſtorians, on the contrary,

dip

dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindneſs. They ſeek no further for merit than the preamble of a patent, or the inſcription on a tomb. With them every man created a peer is firſt an hero ready made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled; and the more offices the more ability. Every General-officer with them is a Marlborough; every Stateſman a Burleigh; every Judge a Murray or a Yorke. They, who alive, were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance, make as good a figure as the beſt of them in the pages of Gwillim, Edmonſon, and Collins.

To theſe recorders, ſo full of good nature to the great and proſperous, I would willingly leave the firſt Baron Ruſſel, and Earl of Bedford, and the merits of his grants. But the aulnager, the weigher, the meter of grants, will not ſuffer us to acquieſce in the judgment of the Prince reigning at the time when they were made. They are never good to thoſe who earn them. Well then; ſince the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the Sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to hiſtory, in which great men have always a pleaſure in contemplating the heroic origin of their houſe.

The

The firſt peer of the name, the firſt purchaſer of the grants, was a Mr. Ruſſel, a perſon of an ancient gentleman's family, raiſed by being a minion of Henry the Eighth. As there generally is ſome reſemblance of character to create theſe relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much ſuch another as his maſter. The firſt of thoſe immoderate grants was not taken from the antient demeſne of the Crown, but from the recent confiſcation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having ſucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcaſe to the jackall in waiting. Having taſted once the food of confiſcation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's firſt grant was from the lay nobility. The ſecond, infinitely improving on the enormity of the firſt, was from the plunder of the church. In truth his Grace is ſomewhat excuſable for his diſlike to a grant like mine, not only in it's quantity, but in it's kind ſo different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent ſovereign; his from Henry the Eighth.

Mine had not it's fund in the murder of any innocent perſon of illuſtrious rank*, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men. His grants were from the aggregate and conſolidated funds of judgments iniquitouſly legal, and from poſſeſſions voluntarily ſurrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy inſtrument of a *levelling* tyrant, who oppreſſed all deſcriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on every thing that was *great and noble*. Mine has been, in endeavouring to ſcreen every man, in every claſs, from oppreſſion, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiſcating Princes, confiſcating chief Governors, or confiſcating Demagogues, are the moſt expoſed to jealouſy, avarice and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's penſions, was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the ſpoil with a Prince, who plun-

* See the hiſtory of the melancholy cataſtrophe of the Duke of Buckingham. Temp. Hen. 8.

dered

dered a part of his national church of his time and country. Mine was in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclefiaftical pillage, thence to a contempt of *all* prefcriptive titles, thence to the pillage of *all* property, and thence to univerfal defolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief advifer to a Prince, who left no liberty to their native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all defcriptions and denominations in it.—Mine was to fupport with unrelaxing vigilance every right, every privilege, every franchife, in this my adopted, my dearer and more comprehenfive country; and not only to preferve thofe rights in this chief feat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language and religion, in the vaft domain that ftill is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the Britifh Crown.

His founder's merits were, by arts in which he ſerved his maſter and made his fortune, to bring poverty, wretchedneſs and depopulation on his country. Mine were under a benevolent Prince, in promoting the commerce, manufactures and agriculture of his kingdom; in which his Majeſty ſhews an eminent example, who even in his amuſements is a patriot, and in hours of leiſure an improver of his native ſoil.

His founder's merit, was the merit of a gentleman raiſed by the arts of a Court, and the protection of a Wolſey, to the eminence of a great and potent Lord. His merit in that eminence was by inſtigating a tyrant to injuſtice, to provoke a people to rebellion.—— My merit was, to awaken the ſober part of the country, that they might put themſelves on their guard againſt any one potent Lord, or any greater number of potent Lords, or any combination of great leading men of any ſort, if ever they ſhould attempt to proceed in the ſame courſes, but in the reverſe order, that is, by inſtigating a corrupted populace to rebellion, and, through that rebellion, introducing a tyranny yet worſe than the tyranny which his Grace's anceſtor ſupported, and of which he profited in the manner

we behold in the deſpotiſm of Henry the Eighth.

The political merit of the firſt penſioner of his Grace's houſe, was that of being concerned as a counſellor of ſtate in adviſing, and in his perſon executing the conditions of a diſhonourable peace with France; the ſurrendering the fortreſs of Boulogne, then our out-guard on the Continent. By that ſurrender, Calais, the key of France, and the bridle in the mouth of that power, was, not many years afterwards, finally loſt. My merit has been in reſiſting the power and pride of France, under any form of it's rule; but in oppoſing it with the greateſt zeal and earneſtneſs, when that rule appeared in the worſt form it could aſſume; the worſt indeed which the prime cauſe and principle of all evil could poſſibly give it. It was my endeavour by every means to excite a ſpirit in the houſe, where I had the honour of a ſeat, for carrying on with early vigour and deciſion, the moſt clearly juſt and neceſſary war, that this or any nation ever carried on; in order to ſave my country from the iron yoke of it's power, and from the more dreadful contagion of it's principles; to preſerve, while they can be preſerved pure and untainted, the ancient, inbred integrity, piety, good

good nature, and good humour of the people of England, from the dreadful peſtilence which beginning in France, threatens to lay waſte the whole moral, and in a great degree the whole phyſical world, having done both in the focus of it's moſt intenſe malignity.

The labours of his Grace's founder merited the curſes, not loud but deep, of the Commons of England, on whom *he* and his maſter had effected a *compleat Parliamentary Reform*, by making them in their ſlavery and humiliation, the true and adequate repreſentatives of a debaſed, degraded, and undone people. My merits were, in having had an active, though not always an oſtentatious ſhare, in every one act, without exception, of undiſputed conſtitutional utility in my time, and in having ſupported on all occaſions, the authority, the efficiency, and the privileges of the Commons of Great Britain. I ended my ſervices by a recorded and fully reaſoned aſſertion on their own journals of their conſtitutional rights, and a vindication of their conſtitutional conduct. I laboured in all things to merit their inward approbation, and (along with the aſſiſtants of the largeſt, the greateſt, and beſt of my endeavours) I received their free, unbiaſſed, publick, and ſolemn thanks.

Thus

Thus ſtands the account of the comparative merits of the Crown grants which compoſe the Duke of Bedford's fortune as balanced againſt mine. In the name of common ſenſe, why ſhould the Duke of Bedford think, that none but of the Houſe of Ruſſel are entitled to the favour of the Crown? Why ſhould he imagine that no King of England has been capable of judging of merit but King Henry the Eighth? Indeed, he will pardon me; he is a little miſtaken; all virtue did not end in the firſt Earl of Bedford. All diſcernment did not loſe it's viſion when his Creator cloſed his eyes. Let him remit his rigour on the diſproportion between merit and reward in others, and they will make no enquiry into the origin of his fortune. They will regard with much more ſatisfaction, as he will contemplate with infinitely more advantage, whatever in his pedigree has been dulcified by an expoſure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations, from the hard, acidulous, metallick tincture of the ſpring. It is little to be doubted, that ſeveral of his forefathers in that long ſeries, have degenerated into honour and virtue. Let the Duke of Bedford (I am ſure he will) reject with ſcorn and horror, the counſels of the lecturers, thoſe wicked panders to avarice and ambition, who would tempt him in the troubles

bles of his country, to ſeek another enormous fortune from the forfeitures of another nobility, and the plunder of another church. Let him (and I truſt that yet he will) employ all the energy of his youth, and all the reſources of his wealth, to cruſh rebellious principles which have no foundation in morals, and rebellious movements, that have no provocation in tyranny.

Then will be forgot the rebellions, which, by a doubtful priority in crime, his anceſtor had provoked and extinguiſhed. On ſuch a conduct in the noble Duke, many of his countrymen might, and with ſome excuſe might, give way to the enthuſiaſm of their gratitude, and in the daſhing ſtyle of ſome of the old declaimers, cry out, that if the fates had found no other way in which they could give a *Duke of Bedford and his opulence as props to a tottering world, then the butchery of the Duke of Buckingham might be tolerated; it might be regarded even with complacency, whilſt in the heir of confiſcation they ſaw the ſympathizing comforter of the martyrs, who ſuffer under the cruel confiſcation of this day; whilſt they beheld with admiration

* At ſi non aliam venturo fata Neroni, &c.

his

his zealous protection of the virtuous and loyal nobility of France, and his manly ſupport of his brethren, the yet ſtanding nobility and gentry of his native land. Then his Grace's merit would be pure and new, and ſharp, as freſh from the mint of honour. As he pleaſed he might reflect honour on his predeceſſors, or throw it forward on thoſe who were to ſucceed him. He might be the propagator of the ſtock of honour, or the root of it, as he thought proper.

Had it pleaſed God to continue to me the hopes of ſucceſſion, I ſhould have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a ſort of founder of a family; I ſhould have left a ſon, who, in all the points in which perſonal merit can be viewed, in ſcience, in erudition, in genius, in taſte, in honour, in generoſity, in humanity, in every liberal ſentiment, and every liberal accompliſhment, would not have ſhewn himſelf inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of thoſe whom he traces in his line. His Grace very ſoon would have wanted all plauſibility in his attack upon that proviſion which belonged more to mine than to me. He would ſoon have ſupplied every deficiency, and ſymmetrized every diſproportion. It would not have been for that ſucceſſor to reſort to any ſtag-

 nant

nant wafting refervoir of merit in me, or in any anceftry. He had in himfelf a falient, living fpring, of generous and manly action. Every day he lived he would have re-purchafed the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a publick creature; and had no enjoyment whatever, but in the performance of fome duty. At this exigent moment, the lofs of a finifhed man is not eafily fupplied.

But a difpofer whofe power we are little able to refift, and whofe wifdom it behoves us not at all to difpute; has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weaknefs might fuggeft) a far better. The ftorm has gone over me; and I lie like one of thofe old oaks which the late hurricane has fcattered about me. I am ftripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie proftrate on the earth! There, and proftrate there, I moft unfeignedly recognize the divine juftice, and in fome degree fubmit to it. But whilft I humble myfelf before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjuft and inconfiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After fome of the convulfive ftruggles of our irritable nature, he fubmitted himfelf, and repented in duft and afhes.

aſhes. But even ſo, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a conſiderable degree of verbal aſperity, thoſe ill-natured neighbours of his, who viſited his dunghill to read moral, political, and œconomical lectures on his miſery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myſelf, if in this hard ſeaſon I would give a peck of refuſe wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for thoſe who are at their eaſe. But we are all of us made to ſhun diſgrace, as we are made to ſhrink from pain, and poverty, and diſeaſe. It is an inſtinct; and under the direction of reaſon, inſtinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have ſucceeded me are gone before me. They who ſhould have been to me as poſterity are in the place of anceſtors. I owe to the deareſt relation (which ever muſt ſubſiſt in memory) that act of piety, which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to ſhew that he was not deſcended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

The Crown has conſidered me after long ſervice: the Crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by

 advance.

advance. He has had a long credit for any ſervice which he may perform hereafter. He is ſecure, and long may he be ſecure, in his advance, whether he performs any ſervices or not. But let him take care how he endangers the ſafety of that Conſtitution which ſecures his own utility or his own inſignificance; or how he diſcourages thoſe, who take up, even puny arms, to defend an order of things, which, like the Sun of Heaven, ſhines alike on the uſeful and the worthleſs. His grants are engrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages. They are guarded by the ſacred rules of preſcription, found in that full treaſury of juriſprudence from which the jejuneneſs and penury of our municipal law has, by degrees, been enriched and ſtrengthened. This preſcription I had my ſhare (a very full ſhare) in bringing to it's perfection *. The Duke of Bedford will ſtand as long as preſcriptive law endures; as long as the great ſtable laws of property, common to us with all civilized nations, are kept in their integrity, and without the ſmalleſt intermixture of the laws, maxims, principles, or precedents of the Grand Revolution. They are ſecure againſt

* Sir George Savile's Act, called the *Nullum Tempus* Act.

all

all changes but one. The whole revolutionary ſyſtem, inſtitutes, digeſt, code, novels, text, gloſs, comment, are not only not the ſame, but they are the very reverſe, and the reverſe fundamentally, of all the laws, on which civil life has hitherto been upheld in all the governments of the world. The learned profeſſors of the Rights of Man regard preſcription, not as a title to bar all claim, ſet up againſt old poſſeſſion —but they look on preſcription as itſelf a bar againſt the poſſeſſor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial poſſeſſion to be no more than a long continued, and therefore an aggravated injuſtice.

Such are *their* ideas; ſuch *their* religion, and ſuch *their* law. But as to *our* country and *our* race, as long as the well compacted ſtructure of our church and ſtate, the ſanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortreſs at once and a temple*, ſhall ſtand inviolate on the brow of the Britiſh Sion—as long as the Britiſh Monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the State, ſhall, like the proud Keep

* Templum in modum arcis. Tacitus of the Temple of Jeruſalem.

of

of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of it's kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land—so long the mounds and dykes of the low, fat, Bedford level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our Sovereign Lord the King, and his faithful subjects, the Lords and Commons of this realm,—the triple cord, which no man can break; the solemn, sworn, constitutional frank-pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of each others being, and each others rights; the joint and several securities, each in it's place and order, for every kind and every quality, of property and of dignity—As long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe: and we are all safe together—the high from the blights of envy and the spoliations of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it: and so it will be,

> Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
> Accolet; imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.—

But if the rude inroad of Gallick tumult, with it's sophistical Rights of Man, to falsify the ac-

count, and it's ſword as a makeweight to throw into the ſcale, ſhall be introduced into our city by a miſguided populace, ſet on by proud great men, themſelves blinded and intoxicated by a frantick ambition, we ſhall, all of us, periſh and be overwhelmed in a common ruin. If a great ſtorm blow on our coaſt, it will caſt the whales on the ſtrand as well as the periwinkles. His Grace will not ſurvive the poor grantee he deſpiſes, no not for a twelvemonth. If the great look for ſafety in the ſervices they render to this Gallick cauſe, it is to be fooliſh, even above the weight of privilege allowed to wealth. If his Grace be one of theſe whom they endeavour to proſelytize, he ought to be aware of the character of the ſect, whoſe doctrines he is invited to embrace. With them, inſurrection is the moſt ſacred of revolutionary duties to the ſtate. Ingratitude to benefactors is the firſt of revolutionary virtues. Ingratitude is indeed their four cardinal virtues compacted and amalgamated into one; and he will find it in every thing that has happened ſince the commencement of the philoſophick revolution to this hour. If he pleads the merit of having performed the duty of inſurrection againſt the order he lives in (God forbid he ever ſhould), the merit of others

will

will be to perform the duty of inſurrection againſt him. If he pleads (again God forbid he ſhould, and I do not ſuſpect he will) his ingratitude to the Crown for it's creation of his family, others will plead their right and duty to pay him in kind. They will laugh, indeed they will laugh, at his parchment and his wax. His deeds will be drawn out with the reſt of the lumber of his evidence room, and burnt to the tune of *ça ira* in the courts of Bedford (then Equality) Houſe.

Am I to blame, if I attempt to pay his Grace's hoſtile reproaches to me with a friendly admonition to himſelf? Can I be blamed, for pointing out to him in what manner he is like to be affected, if the ſect of the cannibal philoſophers of France ſhould proſelytize any conſiderable part of this people, and, by their joint proſelytizing arms, ſhould conquer that Government, to which his Grace does not ſeem to me to give all the ſupport his own ſecurity demands? Surely it is proper, that he, and that others like him, ſhould know the true genius of this ſect; what their opinions are; what they have done: and to whom; and what, (if a prognoſtick is to be formed from the diſpoſitions and actions of men) it is certain they will do hereafter. He

ought

ought to know, that they have ſworn aſſiſtance, the only engagement they ever will keep, to all in this country, who bear a reſemblance to themſelves, and who think as ſuch, that *The whole duty of man* conſiſts in deſtruction. They are a miſallied and diſparaged branch of the houſe of Nimrod. They are the Duke of Bedford's natural hunters; and he is their natural game. Becauſe he is not very profoundly reflecting, he ſleeps in profound ſecurity: they, on the contrary, are always vigilant, active, enterprizing, and though far removed from any knowledge, which makes men eſtimable or uſeful, in all the inſtruments and reſources of evil, their leaders are not meanly inſtructed, or inſufficiently furniſhed. In the French Revolution every thing is new; and, from want of preparation to meet ſo unlooked for an evil, every thing is dangerous. Never, before this time, was a ſet of literary men, converted into a gang of robbers and aſſaſſins. Never before, did a den of bravoes and banditti, aſſume the garb and tone of an academy of philoſophers.

Let me tell his Grace, that an union of ſuch characters, monſtrous as it ſeems, is not made for producing deſpicable enemies. But if they are formidable as foes, as friends they are

dreadful indeed. The men of property in France confiding in a force, which ſeemed to be irreſiſtible, becauſe it had never been tried, neglected to prepare for a conflict with their enemies at their own weapons. They were found in ſuch a ſituation as the Mexicans were, when they were attacked by the dogs, the cavalry, the iron, and the gunpowder of an handful of bearded men, whom they did not know to exiſt in nature. This is a compariſon that ſome, I think, have made; and it is juſt. In France they had their enemies within their houſes. They were even in the boſoms of many of them. But they had not ſagacity to diſcern their ſavage character. They ſeemed tame, and even careſſing. They had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouth. They could not bear the puniſhment of the mildeſt laws on the greateſt criminals. The ſlighteſt ſeverity of juſtice made their fleſh creep. The very idea that war exiſted in the world diſturbed their repoſe. Military glory was no more, with them, than a ſplendid infamy. Hardly would they hear of ſelf defence, which they reduced within ſuch bounds, as to leave it no defence at all. All this while they meditated the confiſcations and maſſacres we have ſeen. Had any one told theſe unfortunate Noblemen and Gentlemen, how, and by

by whom, the grand fabrick of the French monarchy under which they flouriſhed would be ſubverted, they would not have pitied him as a viſionary, but would have turned from him as what they call a *mauvais plaiſant*. Yet we have ſeen what has happened. The perſons who have ſuffered from the cannibal philoſophy of France, are ſo like the Duke of Bedford, that nothing but his Grace's probably not ſpeaking quite ſo good French, could enable us to find out any difference. A great many of them had as pompous titles as he, and were of full as illuſtrious a race: ſome few of them had fortunes as ample; ſeveral of them, without meaning the leaſt diſparagement to the Duke of Bedford, were as wiſe, and as virtuous, and as valiant, and as well educated, and as compleat in all the lineaments of men of honour as he is: And to all this they had added the powerful outguard of a military profeſſion, which, in it's nature, renders men ſomewhat more cautious than thoſe, who have nothing to attend to but the lazy enjoyment of undiſturbed poſſeſſions. But ſecurity was their ruin. They are daſhed to pieces in the ſtorm, and our ſhores are covered with the wrecks. If they had been aware that ſuch a thing might happen, ſuch a thing never could have happened.

I aſſure his Grace, that if I ſtate to him the deſigns of his enemies, in a manner which may appear to him ludicrous and impoſſible, I tell him nothing that has not exactly happened, point by point, but twenty-four mile from our own ſhore. I aſſure him that the Frenchified faction, more encouraged, than others are warned, by what has happened in France, look at him and his landed poſſeſſions, as an object at once of curioſity and rapacity. He is made for them in every part of their double character. As robbers, to them he is a noble booty: as ſpeculatiſts, he is a glorious ſubject for their experimental philoſophy. He affords matter for an extenſive analyſis, in all the branches of their ſcience, geometrical, phyſical, civil and political. Theſe philoſophers are fanaticks; independent of any intereſt, which if it operated alone would make them much more tractable, they are carried with ſuch an headlong rage towards every deſperate trial, that they would ſacrifice the whole human race to the ſlighteſt of their experiments. I am better able to enter into the character of this deſcription of men than the noble Duke can be. I have lived long and variouſly in the World. Without any conſiderable pretenſions to literature in myſelf, I have aſpired

to

to the love of letters. I have lived for a great many years in habitudes with thoſe who profeſſed them. I can form a tolerable eſtimate of what is likely to happen from a character, chiefly dependent for fame and fortune, on knowledge and talent, as well in it's morbid and perverted ſtate, as in that which is ſound and natural. Naturally men ſo formed and finiſhed are the firſt gifts of Providence to the World. But when they have once thrown off the fear of God, which was in all ages too often the caſe, and the fear of man, which is now the caſe, and when in that ſtate they come to underſtand one another, and to act in corps, a more dreadful calamity cannot ariſe out of Hell to ſcourge mankind. Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thorough-bred metaphyſician. It comes nearer to the cold malignity of a wicked ſpirit than to the frailty and paſſion of a man. It is like that of the principle of Evil himſelf, incorporeal, pure, unmixed, dephlegmated, defecated evil. It is no eaſy operation to eradicate humanity from the human breaſt. What Shakeſpeare calls "the compunctious viſitings of nature," will ſometimes knock at their hearts, and proteſt againſt their murderous ſpeculations. But they have a means of compounding with their nature.

Their

Their humanity is not diſſolved. They only give it a long prorogation. They are ready to declare, that they do not think two thouſand years too long a period for the good that they purſue. It is remarkable, that they never ſee any way to their projected good but by the road of ſome evil. Their imagination is not fatigued, with the contemplation of human ſuffering thro' the wild waſte of centuries added to centuries, of miſery and deſolation. Their humanity is at their horizon—and, like the horizon, it always flies before them. The geometricians, and the chymiſts bring, the one from the dry bones of their diagrams, and the other from the ſoot of their furnaces, diſpoſitions that make them worſe than indifferent about thoſe feelings and habitudes, which are the ſupports of the moral world. Ambition is come upon them ſuddenly; they are intoxicated with it, and it has rendered them fearleſs of the danger, which may from thence ariſe to others or to themſelves. Theſe philoſophers, conſider men in their experiments, no more than they do mice in an air pump, or in a recipient of mephitick gas. Whatever his Grace may think of himſelf, they look upon him, and every thing that belongs to him, with no more regard than they do upon the whiſkers of that little long-

tailed

tailed animal, that has been long the game of the grave, demure, inſidious, ſpring-nailed, velvet-pawed, green-eyed philoſophers, whether going upon two legs, or upon four.

His Grace's landed poſſeſſions are irreſiſtibly inviting to an *agrarian* experiment. They are a downright inſult upon the Rights of Man. They are more extenſive than the territory of many of the Grecian republicks; and they are without compariſon more fertile than moſt of them. There are now republicks in Italy, in Germany and in Swiſſerland, which do not poſ-ſeſs any thing like ſo fair and ample a domain. There is ſcope for ſeven philoſophers to proceed in their analytical experiments, upon Harington's ſeven different forms of republicks, in the acres of this one Duke. Hitherto they have been wholly unproductive to ſpeculation; fitted for nothing but to fatten bullocks, and to produce grain for beer, ſtill more to ſtupify the dull Engliſh underſtanding. Abbé Sieyes has whole neſts of pigeon-holes full of conſtitutions ready made, ticketed, ſorted, and numbered; ſuited to every ſeaſon and every fancy; ſome with the top of the pattern at the bottom, and ſome with the bottom at the top; ſome plain, ſome flowered; ſome diſtinguiſhed for their

ſimplicity;

ſimplicity; others for their complexity; ſome of blood colour; ſome of *boue de Paris*; ſome with directories, others without a direction; ſome with councils of elders, and councils of youngſters; ſome without any council at all. Some where the electors chooſe the repreſentatives; others, where the repreſentatives chooſe the electors. Some in long coats, and ſome in ſhort cloaks; ſome with pantaloons; ſome without breeches. Some with five ſhilling qualifications; ſome totally unqualified. So that no conſtitution-fancier may go unſuited from his ſhop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppreſſion, arbitrary impriſonment, confiſcation, exile, revolutionary judgment, and legaliſed premeditated murder, in any ſhapes into which they can be put. What a pity it is, that the progreſs of experimental philoſophy ſhould be checked by his Grace's monopoly! Such are their ſentiments, I aſſure him; ſuch is their language when they dare to ſpeak; and ſuch are their proceedings, when they have the means to act.

Their geographers, and geometricians, have been ſome time out of practice. It is ſome time ſince they have divided their own country into ſquares. That figure has loſt the charms of it's novelty.

novelty. They want new lands for new trials. It is not only the geometricians of the republick that find him a good ſubject, the chymiſts have beſpoke him after the geometricians have done with him. As the firſt ſet have an eye on his Grace's lands, the chymiſts are not leſs taken with his buildings. They conſider mortar as a very anti-revolutionary invention in it's preſent ſtate; but properly employed, an admirable material for overturning all eſtabliſhments. They have found that the gunpowder of *ruins* is far the fitteſt for making other *ruins*, and ſo *ad infinitum*. They have calculated what quantity of matter convertible into nitre is to be found in Bedford Houſe, in Woburn Abbey, and in what his Grace and his truſtees have ſtill ſuffered to ſtand of that fooliſh royaliſt Inigo Jones, in Covent Garden. Churches, play-houſes, coffee-houſes, all alike are deſtined to be mingled, and equalized, and blended into one common rubbiſh; and well ſifted, and lixiviated, to chryſtalize into true democratick explosive inſurrectionary nitre. Their Academy del *Cimento* (per antiphraſin) with Morveau and Haſſenfrats at it's head, have computed that the brave Sans-culottes may make war on all the ariſtocracy of Europe for a twelvemonth, out of

the rubbiſh of the Duke of Bedford's buildings *.

While the Morveaux and Prieſtleys are proceeding with theſe experiments upon the Duke

* There is nothing, on which the leaders of the Republick, one and indiviſible, value themſelves, more than on the chymical operations, by which, through ſcience, they convert the pride of Ariſtocracy, to an inſtrument of it's own deſtruction—on the operations by which they reduce the magnificent ancient country ſeats of the nobility, decorated with the *feudal* titles of Duke, Marquis, or Earl, into magazines of what they call *revolutionary* gunpowder. They tell us, that hitherto things "had not yet been properly and in a "*revolutionary* manner explored."—"The ſtrong *cha*-"*teaus*, thoſe *feudal* fortreſſes, that *were ordered to be demo*-"*liſhed*, attracted next the attention of your Committee. "*Nature* there had *ſecretly* regained her *rights*, and had pro-"duced ſalt-petre for the *purpoſe*, as it ſhould ſeem, *of facili*-"*tating the execution of your decree by preparing the means of de*-"*ſtruction*. From theſe *ruins*, which *ſtill frown* on the "liberties of the Republick, we have extracted the means "of producing good; and thoſe piles, which have hitherto "glutted the *pride of Deſpots*, and covered the plots of La "Vendée, will ſoon furniſh wherewithal to tame the traitors, "and to overwhelm the diſaffected."———"The *rebellious* "*cities* alſo, have afforded a large quantity of ſalt-petre. "*Commune Affranchie*, (that is, the noble city of Lyons re-"duced in many parts to an heap of ruins) and Toulon "will pay a *ſecond* tribute to our artillery." Report 1ſt. February 1794.

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of Bedford's houſes, the Seieyes, and the reſt of the analytical legiſlators, and conſtitution-venders, are quite as buſy in their trade of decompoſing organization, in forming his Grace's vaſſals into primary aſſemblies, national guards, firſt, ſecond and third requiſitioners, committees of reſearch, conductors of the travelling guillotine, judges of revolutionary tribunals, legiſlative hangmen, ſupervifors of domiciliary viſitation, exactors of forced loans, and aſſeſſors of the maximum.

The din of all this ſmithery may ſome time or other poſſibly wake this noble Duke, and puſh him to an endeavour to ſave ſome little matter from their experimental philoſophy. If he pleads his grants from the Crown, he is ruined at the outſet. If he pleads he has received them from the pillage of ſuperſtitious corporations, this indeed will ſtagger them a little, becauſe they are enemies to all corporations, and to all religion. However, they will ſoon recover themſelves, and will tell his Grace, or his learned council, that all ſuch property belongs to the *nation*; and that it would be more wiſe for him, if he wiſhes to live the natural term of a *citizen*, (that is, according to Condorcet's calculation, ſix months on an average,) not to paſs

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for an ufurper upon the national property. This is what the *Serjeants* at law of the Rights of Man, will fay to the puny *apprentices* of the common law of England.

Is the Genius of Philofophy not yet known? You may as well think the Garden of the Tuilleries was well protected with the cords of ribbon infultingly ftretched by the National Affembly to keep the fovereign canaille from intruding on the retirement of the poor King of the French, as that fuch flimfy cobwebs will ftand between the favages of the Revolution and their natural prey. Deep Philofophers are no triflers; brave Sans culottes are no formalifts. They will no more regard a Marquis of Taviftock than an Abbot of Taviftock; the Lord of Wooburn will not be more refpectable in their eyes than the Prior of Wooburn: they will make no difference between the Superior of a Covent Garden of nuns and of a Covent Garden of another defcription. They will not care a rufh whether his coat is long or fhort; whether the colour be purple or blue and buff. They will not trouble *their* heads, with what part of *his* head, his hair is cut from; and they will look with equal refpect on a tonfure and a crop. Their only queftion will be that of their *Legendre*, or fome other of their legiflative butchers, How he

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cuts up? how he tallows in the cawl or on the kidneys?

Is it not a ſingular phœnomenon, that whilſt the Sans culotte Carcaſe Butchers, and the Philoſophers of the ſhambles, are pricking their dotted lines upon his hide, and like the print of the poor ox that we ſee in the ſhop windows at Charing Croſs, alive as he is, and thinking no harm in the world, he is divided into rumps, and ſirloins, and briſkets, and into all ſorts of pieces for roaſting, boiling, and ſtewing, that all the while they are meaſuring *him*, his Grace is meaſuring *me*; is invidiouſly comparing the bounty of the Crown with the deſerts of the defender of his order, and in the ſame moment fawning on thoſe who have the knife half out of the ſheath—poor innocent!

> Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
> And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.

No man lives too long, who lives to do with ſpirit, and ſuffer with reſignation, what Providence pleaſes to command or inflict: but indeed they are ſharp incommodities which beſet old age. It was but the other day, that on putting in order ſome things which had been brought here on my taking leave of London for

ever,

ever, I looked over a number of fine portraits, moſt of them of perſons now dead, but whoſe ſociety, in my better days, made this a proud and happy place. Amongſt theſe was the picture of Lord Keppel. It was painted by an artiſt worthy of the ſubject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earlieſt youth, and a common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldneſs, of peeviſhneſs, of jealouſy, or of jar, to the day of our final ſeparation.

I ever looked on Lord Keppel as one of the greateſt and beſt men of his age; and I loved, and cultivated him accordingly. He was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very laſt beat. It was after his trial at Portſmouth that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory, what part my ſon in the early fluſh and enthuſiaſm of his virtue, and the pious paſſion with which he attached himſelf to all my connections, with what prodigality we both ſquandered ourſelves in courting almoſt every ſort of enmity for his ſake, I believe he felt, juſt as I ſhould have felt, ſuch friendſhip on ſuch an occaſion. I partook indeed of this honour, with ſeveral of the firſt,

firſt, and beſt, and ableſt in the kingdom, but I was behind hand with none of them; and I am ſure, that if to the eternal diſgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honour and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I ſhould have attended him to the quarter-deck with no leſs good will and more pride, though with far other feelings, than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the juſtice that was done to his virtue.

Pardon, my Lord, the feeble garrulity of age, which loves to diffuſe itſelf in diſcourſe of the departed great. At my years we live in retroſpect alone: and, wholly unfitted for the ſociety of vigorous life, we enjoy, the beſt balm to all wounds, the conſolation of friendſhip, in thoſe only whom we have loſt for ever. Feeling the loſs of Lord Keppel at all times, at no time did I feel it ſo much as on the firſt day when I was attacked in the Houſe of Lords.

Had he lived, that reverend form would have riſen in its place, and with a mild, parental reprehenſion to his nephew the Duke of Bedford, he would have told him that the favour of that gracious prince, who had honoured his virtues with

with the government of the navy of Great Britain, and with a ſeat in the hereditary great council of his kingdom, was not undeſervedly ſhewn to the friend of the beſt portion of his life, and his faithful companion and counſellor under his rudeſt trials. He would have told him, that to whomever elſe theſe reproaches might be becoming, they were not decorous in his near kindred. He would have told him that when men in that rank loſe decorum, they loſe every thing.

On that day I had a loſs in Lord Keppel; but the publick loſs of him in this aweful criſis—! I ſpeak from much knowledge of the perſon, he never would have liſtened to any compromiſe with the rabble rout of this Sans Culotterie of France. His goodneſs of heart, his reaſon, his taſte, his publick duty, his principles, his prejudices, would have repelled him for ever from all connection with that horrid medley of madneſs, vice, impiety, and crime.

Lord Keppel had two countries; one of deſcent, and one of birth. Their intereſts and their glory are the ſame; and his mind was capacious of both. His family was noble and it was Dutch: that is, he was of

the oldeſt and pureſt nobility that Europe can boaſt, among a people renowned above all others for love of their native land. Though it was never ſhewn in inſult to any human being, Lord Keppel was ſomething high. It was a wild ſtock of pride, on which the tendereſt of all hearts had grafted the milder virtues. He valued ancient nobility; and he was not diſinclined to augment it with new honours. He valued the old nobility and the new, not as an excuſe for inglorious ſloth, but as an incitement to virtuous activity. He conſidered it as a ſort of cure for ſelfiſhneſs and a narrow mind; conceiving that a man born in an elevated place, in himſelf was nothing, but every thing in what went before, and what was to come after him. Without much ſpeculation, but by the ſure inſtinct of ingenuous feelings, and by the dictates of plain unſophiſticated natural underſtanding, he felt, that no great Commonwealth could by any poſſibility long ſubſiſt, without a body of ſome kind or other of nobility, decorated with honour, and fortified by privilege. This nobility forms the chain that connects the ages of a nation, which otherwiſe (with Mr. Paine) would ſoon be taught that no one generation can bind another. He felt that no political fabrick could be well made without ſome ſuch order of things

as might, through a ſeries of time afford a rational hope of ſecuring unity, coherence, conſiſtency, and ſtability to the ſtate. He felt that nothing elſe can protect it againſt the levity of courts, and the greater levity of the multitude. That to talk of hereditary monarchy without any thing elſe of hereditary reverence in the Commonwealth, was a low-minded abſurdity; fit only for thoſe deteſtable "fools aſpiring to be knaves," who began to forge in 1789, the falſe money of the French Conſtitution— That it is one fatal objection to all *new* fancied and *new fabricated* Republicks, (among a people, who, once poſſeſſing ſuch an advantage, have wickedly and inſolently rejected it,) that the *prejudice* of an old nobility is a thing that *cannot* be made. It may be improved, it may be corrected, it may be repleniſhed: men may be taken from it, or aggregated to it, but the *thing itſelf* is matter of *inveterate* opinion, and therefore *cannot* be matter of mere poſitive inſtitution. He felt, that this nobility, in fact does not exiſt in wrong of other orders of the ſtate, but by them, and for them.

I knew the man I ſpeak of; and, if we can divine the future, out of what we collect from the paſt, no perſon living would look with more

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ſcorn and horrour on the impious parricide committed on all their anceſtry, and on the deſperate attainder paſſed on all their poſterity, by the Orleans, and the Rochefoucaults, and the Fayettes, and the Viſcomtes de Noailles, and the falſe Perigords, and the long *et cætera* of the perfidious Sans Culottes of the court, who like demoniacks, poſſeſſed with a ſpirit of fallen pride, and inverted ambition, abdicated their dignities, diſowned their families, betrayed the moſt ſacred of all truſts, and by breaking to pieces a great link of ſociety, and all the cramps and holdings of the ſtate, brought eternal confuſion and deſolation on their country. For the fate of the miſcreant parricides themſelves he would have had no pity. Compaſſion for the myriads of men, of whom the world was not worthy, who by their means have periſhed in priſons, or on ſcaffolds, or are pining in beggary and exile, would leave no room in his, or in any well-formed mind, for any ſuch ſenſation. We are not made at once to pity the oppreſſor and the oppreſſed.

Looking to his Batavian deſcent, how could he bear to behold his kindred, the deſcendants of the brave nobility of Holland, whoſe blood prodigally poured out, had, more than all the ca-

nals, meers, and inundations of their country, protected their independence, to behold them bowed in the baſeſt ſervitude, to the baſeſt and vileſt of the human race; in ſervitude to thoſe who in no reſpect, were ſuperior in dignity, or could aſpire to a better place than that of hangmen to the tyrants, to whoſe ſceptered pride they had oppoſed an elevation of ſoul, that ſurmounted, and overpowered the loftineſs of Caſtile, the haughtineſs of Auſtria, and the overbearing arrogance of France?

Could he with patience bear, that the children of that nobility, who would have deluged their country and given it to the ſea, rather than ſubmit to Louis XIV. who was then in his meridian glory, when his arms were conducted by the Turennes, by the Luxembourgs, by the Boufflers; when his councils were directed by the Colberts, and the Louvois; when his tribunals were filled by the Lamoignons and the Dagueſſaus---that theſe ſhould be given up to the cruel ſport of the Pichegru's, the Jourdans, the Santerres, under the Rollands, and Briſſots, and Gorſas, and Robeſpierres, the Reubels, the Carnots, and Talliens, and Dantons, and the whole tribe of Regicides, robbers, and revolutionary judges, that, from the rotten carcaſe of their

their own murdered country, have poured out innumerable ſwarms of the loweſt, and at once the moſt deſtructive of the claſſes of animated nature, which like columns of locuſts, have laid waſte the faireſt part of the world?

Would Keppel have borne to ſee the ruin of the virtuous Patricians, that happy union of the noble and the burgher, who with ſignal prudence and integrity, had long governed the cities of the confederate Republick, the cheriſhing fathers of their country, who, denying commerce to themſelves, made it flouriſh in a manner unexampled under their protection? Could Keppel have borne that a vile faction ſhould totally deſtroy this harmonious conſtruction, in favour of a robbing Democracy, founded on the ſpurious rights of man?

He was no great clerk, but he was perfectly well verſed in the intereſts of Europe, and he could not have heard with patience, that the country of Grotius, the cradle of the Law of Nations, and one of the richeſt repoſitories of all Law, ſhould be taught a new code by the ignorant flippancy of Thomas Paine, the preſumptuous foppery of La Fayette, with his ſtolen rights of man in his hand, the wild profligate intrigue

intrigue and turbulency of Marat, and the impious ſophiſtry of Condorcet, in his inſolent addreſſes to the Batavian Republick?

Could Keppel, who idolized the houſe of Naſſau, who was himſelf given to England, along with the bleſſings of the Britiſh and Dutch revolutions; with revolutions of ſtability; with revolutions which conſolidated and married the liberties and the intereſts of the two nations for ever, could he ſee the fountain of Britiſh liberty itſelf in ſervitude to France? Could he ſee with patience a Prince of Orange expelled as a ſort of diminutive deſpot, with every kind of contumely, from the country, which that family of deliverers had ſo often reſcued from ſlavery, and obliged to live in exile in another country, which owes it's liberty to his houſe?

Would Keppel have heard with patience, that the conduct to be held on ſuch occaſions was to become ſhort by the knees to the faction of the homicides, to intreat them quietly to retire? or if the fortune of war ſhould drive them from their firſt wicked and unprovoked invaſion, that no ſecurity ſhould be taken, no arrangement made, no barrier formed, no alliance entered into for the ſecurity of that, which under a fo-

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reign name is the moſt precious part of England? What would he have ſaid, if it was even propoſed that the Auſtrian Netherlands (which ought to be a barrier to Holland, and the tie of an alliance, to protect her againſt any ſpecies of rule that might be erected, or even be reſtored in France) ſhould be formed into a republick under her influence and dependent upon her power?

But above all, what would he have ſaid, if he had heard it made a matter of accuſation againſt me, by his nephew the Duke of Bedford, that I was the author of the war? Had I a mind to keep that high diſtinction to myſelf, as from pride I might, but from juſtice I dare not, he would have ſnatched his ſhare of it from my hand, and held it with the graſp of a dying convulſion to his end.

It would be a moſt arrogant preſumption in me to aſſume to myſelf the glory of what belongs to his Majeſty, and to his Miniſters, and to his Parliament, and to the far greater majority of his faithful people: But had I ſtood alone to counſel, and that all were determined to be guided by my advice, and to follow it implicitly—then I ſhould have been the ſole author of a war. But it ſhould have been a war on

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my ideas and my principles. However let his Grace think as he may of my demerits with regard to the war with Regicide, he will find my guilt confined to that alone. He never ſhall, with the ſmalleſt colour of reaſon, accuſe me of being the author of a peace with Regicide. But that is high matter; and ought not to be mixed with any thing of ſo little moment, as what may belong to me, or even to the Duke of Bedford.

I have the honour to be, &c.

EDMUND BURKE.